Yorke. Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill may'st thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Dutc. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrysie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers doe out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
King. Good Aunt stand vp.
Dutc. Nay, doe not say, stand vp;
Say pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach the how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.
Yorke. Speake it in French, King say, *Pardonne moy.*
Dutc. Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy:
Ah my sowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand:
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may mooue thee pardon to rehearse.
King H. Good Aunt stand vp.
Dutch. I doe not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.
King. I pardon him as God shall pardon me.
Dutc. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet

Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe;
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon strong.
King. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art.
King. But for our trustie brother in law and the Abbot
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,
Good Vnckle, helpe to order seuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and cosin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.
Dutc. Come my old sonne, I pray God make thee new.
Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton, &c.
Exton. Did'st thou not marke the K. what words he spake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?
Man. These were his very words.
Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?
Man. He did.
Exton. And speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.
Enter Richard alone.
Rich. I haue been studying how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soule;
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;